Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vppon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did ende the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my gyrle.
But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke,
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and giue them repitition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happy by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.

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